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THE GRIZZLY BARE.  
PASSÉ IN THE BALLROOM, BUT A NOVELTY ON THE BEACH.



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## Cartoons and Comments

LAUGH, AND VOTE EARLY. **BYRON W. HOLT**, Chairman of the Tariff Committee of the Reform Club, does n't think much of that plank of the Republican platform which deals with protection. He says it is "the thinnest and flimsiest ever constructed." Fault is also found because, after telling how earnestly the Republican Party is opposed to privilege and monopoly, the platform adds: "We reaffirm our belief in a protective tariff." Mr. HOLT of the Reform Club regards this as a direct contradiction, and PUCK and a whole lot of other folks will very frankly agree with him, but that fact will make no difference to the platform makers of the Republican Party. For them to find fault with the protective tariff, or to hold it in the slightest degree responsible for any of the economic evils from which the nation suffers, would be the same as for the Presbyterian General Assembly to pass ringing resolutions condemning the Westminster Confession. We are not sure but what the former would be the greater heresy. Consistency has nothing to do with it. What matters it to the platform makers that, in the face of the mounting price of domestic meat—mounting, so the packers tell us, because the home demand is greater than the home supply—a tariff schedule acts as a barrier against relief to the consumer? What matters it to the platform makers that at Lawrence and elsewhere in New England, where the protective schedules for Trusts are highest, the wages for workers are lowest? What matters it to the platform makers that the American workingman, whom the protective tariff is supposed so nobly to protect, is scarcely represented any more in the protected industries, or that his place is taken by foreigners for whom "the American standard of

living" is meaningless jargon, and who are as "foreign" and as "cheap" as the "pauper labor of Europe" from whose deadly competition the American worker must be saved? What matters anything, so long as the Republican platform makers of the old school can "reaffirm their belief in a protective tariff"? If we wished to be flippant, we might suggest that other beliefs might be as consistently reaffirmed. For example: "We are opposed to typhoid germs, but we reaffirm our belief in diseased oysters." Or: "We are opposed to drunkenness, but we reaffirm our belief in the Demon Rum." Again: "We are opposed to pneumonia, but we reaffirm our belief in the principle of sitting in a draft." Such utter-

ances in a platform would be silly, and nobody would pay attention to them except to laugh. And that, we recommend to Mr. HOLT and to all other members of the Tariff Committee of the Reform Club, is the best course to take in regard to the Republican Party's platform utterance on the tariff. Laugh—and vote early.

IT IS possible that ROOSEVELT is not worrying very much over the refusal of certain Progressive Republicans to join the Third Party. Quite a few of those who fought for THEODORE at Chicago have since informed him that, however much they may believe in the cause of Progressivism, they cannot see their way clear to break away from the Republican Party. It is not that they love ROOSEVELT less, but the G. O. P. more. All this sort of thing looks well when printed in the newspapers. It tends to create an impression that there is no virtue like party regularity. When Senator This or Representative That declares: "I was in favor of ROOSEVELT, and all he stood for, but I cannot break away from the party to which I owe everything," he diverts suspicion as to his loyalty to the old régime. He prepares, as it were, an alibi in advance. If the Republican Party should emerge from the mix-up with a whole skin he will be able to point to his refusal to bolt with an air of triumphant innocence. But who he votes for when he wraps the curtains of the ballot-booth about him—that will be his own private business.

At the moment of going to press with this issue of PUCK came word of WOODROW WILSON's nomination at Baltimore. Our satisfaction is large although our space is small. Tariff Reform: 1884, 1892, and 1912.



THE GREATEST MONOPOLY OF THEM ALL.





THE MOST WONDERFUL VIEW IN THE WORLD.

# DE SKEETAH TIME.

A good book say dar 's a time to sleep, a time to eat an' drink;  
A time to do what yo' 's about, an' a time to stop an' think;  
A time fo' dis, a time fo' dat, but de wusses' time o' de yeah  
Is when de skeetah 'gin to bite—an' de skeetah time is heah!

I dunno what de folks gwine do, kaze he gittin' wuss an' wuss;  
Ef you find a place to hide yo'self de skeetah 's got dar fus'.  
En he bites an' you fights, an' you fuss an' you cuss an' you sweah,  
But de summah time is skeetah time, an' de skeetah time is heah!

You can't tell whar he come from, an' you can't tell whar he gwine;  
When you beats him off in front of you he bites you from behin',  
An' ef you tries to sleep he sings a reg'lar chime in yo' eah,—  
Oh, a pesky time is de time what is when de skeetah time is heah!

Frank Branan.

# NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

**MR. THOMAS G. HUDSON**, formerly Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia, wanted to be Governor of that State. This is said to be a legitimate ambition; just as every male person born within the confines of the country is entitled to a chance for the Presidency—though very few of them need let it interfere with such other plans as they may have. It was not long after Mr. Hudson shied his dicer into the ring that he lightly jumped over the ropes and rescued it, and for a very interesting reason. He found that running for office, unless financed with other people's money, is expensive.

"Go mortgage your little farm," said the political commensals who suggested the campaign to Mr. Hudson, after he had told them that he didn't have the necessary money. Probably Mr. Hudson thought about that possibility before he shook his head. It is something to be Governor of a great State. It is even something to be defeated in a contest for the governorship of a great State. But above all considerations—at least, to

this gentleman—it is good to have a little unmortgaged farm, and to know that it is there when you look for it, and that it will grow large, juicy watermelons for your consumption for years to come.

On the dim horizon of Mr. Hudson's imagination rose the State House at Atlanta, with the Governor's private room, mahogany desk, Oriental rugs, and all that sort of thing. It looked good when he was Commissioner of Agriculture, and it looked better now as a prospective workroom. But, glancing down a little from that horizon, Mr. Hudson saw a field of corn waving in the breeze—his corn. He saw a healthy looking hog stop to scratch his back against the corner of the barn—his barn—his hog—his hog's back; and looking down through the fields he saw a lot of cotton plants hard at work converting clay and kainite into 15-cent cotton—his cotton. Then he had a momentary vision of a man coming to the front gate. "Excuse me, mister! I want to tack up this sign." "Sign? What does it say?" "Mortgagee's Sale." . . . .

No; Mr. Hudson will not be a candidate for Governor.

IMAGINE a long line of skimpy skirts tackling an election-booth—each one having to stop and powder her nose, and fix her hair, and adjust her belt, and look through her handbag, and wonder who the occupant of the next booth is voting for, before emerging triumphantly therefrom! The elections would have to be held "the first two weeks in November," or perhaps longer.



The self-made man frequently uses a good many of the mistakes of other people in the construction of his edifice.



**NO BAREFOOT DANCING.**

**THEATRICAL MANAGER.**—Now, about your costume?  
**STAR CHORUS GIRL** (*very modest*).—I could n't consider anything less than tights



# PUCK



Q. E. D.

MRS. WAYUPP.—Do you think children have as much respect for their parents as they used to?

MRS. BLASÉ.—Why, surely. Take my little Emma, here. She always rolls a cigarette for me before making one for herself.

## THE FROG AND THE BULL.

A CONTINUATION OF THE FABLE.

THERE is a little more to that story of the Frog and the Bull.

After the Mother Frog had burst herself trying to be as big as the Bull which the children had seen, the Father Frog said:

"That was a very foolish thing for Ma to do! She should have known that she could not do a thing like that!"

"No," agreed the little ones, "she did not come anywhere near doing it."

"Now, I could easily blow myself up as big as she did! She was n't any bigger than this." And the Papa Frog proceeded to blow himself up.

Oh, yes, mamma was bigger than that!

"How's this?" said the Papa Frog, trying still harder.

"No, that's not quite as well as Mamma did it," was the answer.

"Well, how's this?" and the Father Frog tried again with all his might and main.

That was nearly as good, but not quite.

Then the Pa Frog tried again, straightening himself up just a little bit more and bursting himself.

"Now," said the Big Brother Frog, "just look at that! Pa was certainly foolish, and he did not do so very much. Why, I could do just as well myself! Look!" and he proceeded to puff himself up.

"No, that was n't as good as Pa did!" cried the little ones.

"Oh, well, I can do a little better than that!" declared the Big Brother.

He tried again, and kept on trying until he had burst himself. When he had accom-

plished his destruction the Big Sister rose to remark:

"Foolish man! He is n't much of a puffer! I can out-puff him any day of the week! Watch!"

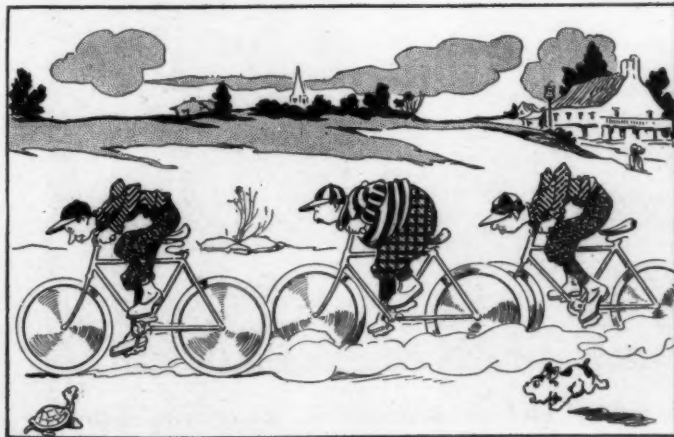
Then the Sister, in trying to puff as big as she could, burst herself, and then the next in years tried it, and so on down to the littlest frog in the puddle.

When it came down to him there was no one to ask about it, so after he had puffed and swelled, and blown himself out as big as he could, he felt perfectly satisfied that he was as big as the biggest bull.

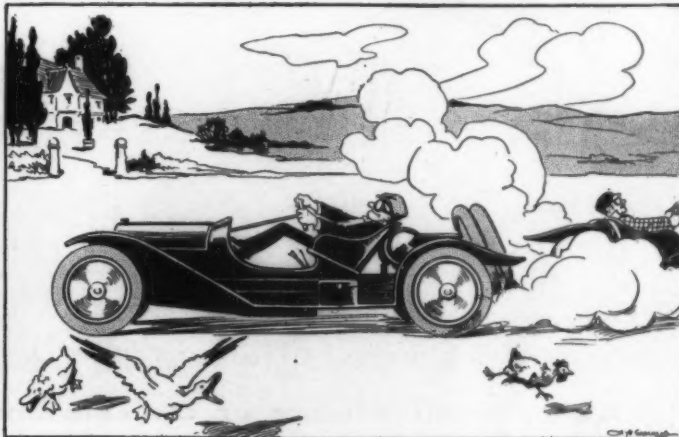
There was no one to tell him any better, so he was quite satisfied with what he had accomplished.

MORAL: Mind is superior to matter—sometimes.

Hamilton Pope Galt.



THEY USED TO LIE DOWN ON THEIR CHESTS—



—BUT NOW THEY LIE DOWN ON THEIR BACKS.



ONE of the big houses which makes a specialty of municipal bonds, recently took on a promising but entirely green salesman. At the end of the second day he came to one of the members of the firm and excitedly informed him that he had a big trade "about closed." The partner congratulated him and told him to go to it. The new man said he expected to put the sale over next morning.

Two days later the salesman entered the private office, much crestfallen. The sale he had hoped to make, he stated, was off. The prospective buyer, the treasurer of a small savings-bank, had just called him up and told him that his directors had decided that the bank could not afford to buy so big a block of bonds. Furthermore, when he (the salesman) went around to see if he could not get the man who owned the bonds to offer them at a little lower price, he found that they had been sold two days before, to somebody else. "If it had not been for that," he wound up, "and the fact that the bank did not have the money, the trade would have gone through!"

THE Head of the House rang his buzzer. The Office Manager walked in. "Thompson," said the Head of the House, "business is fierce. Can't you find some way to cut expenses?"

"I've cut 'em, sir, to the last cent," replied the Office Manager.

"How much do you get?"  
"Well, James George gets ten. But, have boys

the office-boys get?"  
"gets seven a week and nine and Robert gets you see, we've got to to —"

"I know — I know, we've got to have boys. But we've got to cut expenses, too. Tell 'em that, beginning to-morrow, their salaries stop, and that they're all taken in as members of the firm!"

ONE result of the big rise in the price of copper metal has been substantially to increase the number of fake copper-mining shares offered the public through the columns of the newspapers. With copper metal selling where it is now, all the established producing mines are making big money. This, therefore, is the time to interest the public in "coppers."

The get-rich-quick fraternity are not neglectful of the chance — they never are. Above

all things they are opportunists. Let the public get interested in gold-mining in

Nevada or silver-mining in Canada, and it is gold and silver shares which will be offered them. An oil craze in California does not find the get-rich-quick people trying to sell land in Florida or anything like

## A FALSE ALARM.



I.  
BATHER.—Excuse me, madam, but your hair is on fire!

that. The public gets handed just exactly the kind of gold-brick it wants.

Just at present copper's the thing, and all over the United States "mines," which in the course of a short time "are bound to become big producers," are mushrooming into existence. And the funny thing about it is that in spite of all that the Postal authorities have done, and in spite of all that has been said and written about the get-rich-quick industry, people continue to swallow the bait—hook, line, sinker, and all.

"THE thing that beats me" remarked one of the younger Wall Street reporters who gather at Robbins's every day for lunch, "is the way in which the big men I get in to see never appear to have anything to do. I work my way past the boy and the secretary into the private office, and there he sits—long mahogany table without a blessed thing on it except a telephone—generally smoking a big cigar and looking straight out in front of him. Talk to you for hours. Bigger man he is, longer time he'll give you."

"I went in to see — of the Erie the other day at about eleven o'clock. We talked for a couple of hours and then he blew me to lunch. After lunch we came back and talked till almost four. Pretty much the same thing happened to me at the Telephone Company's offices last week. What beats me is how they have the time to do it."

"After you've been in this game a while longer," replied one of the older men, who has a reputation for being able to "see anybody," "you'll find that the modern corporation is organized so that the head of it has plenty of time to do anything necessary that may come along. And let me tell you that, these days, the cultivation of friendly relations with the public is just as important a part of the business as increasing the trainload or cutting the costs of manufacture. Did you ever hear of a newspaper or magazine man getting anything but mighty good treatment in the office of one of these big companies?"

Come to think of it, that's about the situation.

DICKENS once created a famous character and called him Micawber. He didn't exactly create him, either—he just put him together out of some of the main characteristics of the people he saw around him. When he got through he had

a sort of composite picture of you and me and the next man.

In short, Mr. Micawber's specialty was borrowing money, and his special way of doing it was by signing notes.

When a bill or a loan simply could not be put off any longer, Mr. Micawber would send his creditor his "note-of-hand" — at three months, or as much longer as he dared. Then he would settle back and sigh: "Thank Heaven, that bill is paid!"

No, it isn't a joke, and Micawber isn't the only exponent of the system. What else is a railroad or any other corporation do-



II.  
THE LADY.—What's that, young feller?

ing when, its debts having accumulated beyond its control, and "borrowing in the regular way" being impossible, it issues a lot of unsecured three-year or five-year notes? Five years, or even three years, is quite a while, and lots can happen in such a time—it is not impossible that the corporation may actually make enough money to pay off its notes when they come due! And anyway, at the worst, they can always be refunded with some other kind of a bond, or, at the very worst "extended."

Micawber lived ahead of his time. He ought to have been a modern corporation finance manager.

Franklin.



COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH  
OF THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK  
STOCK EXCHANGE.

**M**an is but a worm of the dust, and every girl is willing to play the part of the early bird.





### THE MAGISTRATE.

OLD JUDGE DOOLEY holds his court  
Hard by Pend O'Reille,  
He's a rare old-fashioned sport  
Though he's bent and gray.  
In that mountain wilderness  
He's the court, the clerks,  
He's the mayor, marshal—yes,  
He's the whole blame works.

When the lumber-jack's unruly  
Dooley well berates 'em,  
When two lovers love right truly  
Old Judge Dooley mates 'em,  
Does it calmly, sanely, coolly—  
Old Judge Dooley.

Old Judge Dooley is the Law,  
Visible, supreme,  
Through that country, rough and raw,  
Strange as it may seem;  
For he's old and thin and small,  
But he's keen and cool,  
So that gamblers, guides, and all  
Recognize his rule.

When the hunters come there newly,  
Licenses he hands 'em;  
When the graders git unruly  
Dooley understands 'em,  
Gives out justice calmly, coolly,—  
Old Judge Dooley!

Old Judge Dooley runs the roost  
Just because he's square;  
Gives the down-and-out a boost,  
Gives the bum a scare.  
So, with nerve and ancient wit,  
Charity—and vim,  
And a lot of Irish grit,  
He keeps things in trim.

Millionaire or Chinese coolie  
Old Judge Dooley knows 'em,  
If they start to git unruly  
Old Judge Dooley shows 'em,  
Lays the law down—sharply, truly,—  
Old Judge Dooley! *Berton Braley.*

### THE MAD-HOUSE.

IN one of the wards we came  
upon a harmless-looking fel-  
low. He was sitting upon a chair  
in the middle of the floor, and  
piled high around him on all sides  
were newspapers which he seemed  
to be engaged in scanning in a  
feverish manner.

"May I speak to him?" I  
asked the attendant.

"Oh, yes. He's perfectly  
harmless."

"Well, my good man,"  
said I, "who are you?"

"Why, don't you know?" he  
replied. "Everybody knows me."

"Perhaps I did know you once,  
but I have forgotten. I have a very  
poor memory," I explained apolo-  
getically, not wishing to perturb him.

"Why," he proudly declared, "I  
am the Public!"

"So you are," I observed as cred-  
ulously as possible. "And what are you doing with those newspapers?"

"What should I be doing with them?" he retorted testily. "I am  
trying to find out my opinion. Everyone of these papers undertakes  
to tell what the opinion of the Public is and what the Public needs, but  
no two of them agree. They have got me so mixed up that I don't  
know my own opinion from one minute to another."

"Is it curable?" I whispered to the attendant as we went out.

"No," he said. "It is hopeless."

### JUST AS GOOD.

Ponce De Leon was something of  
a philosopher as well as a heck of  
an optimist.

"True," he said. "I have failed to  
find the Fountain of Youth, but a little  
hair-dye and a pair of white shoes  
will giddy me up enough to attract  
the widow's eye."



BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

From Puck, Jan. 3, 1912.



HE CHOOSES THE DEEP SEA.



THE PUCK PRESS

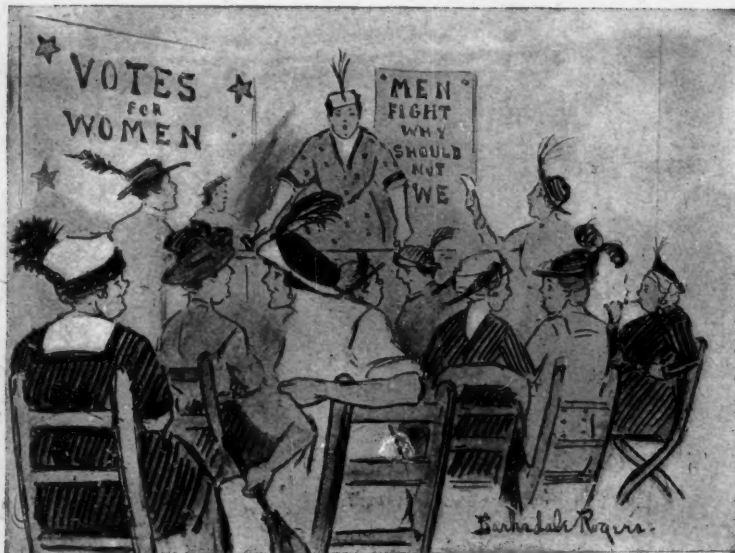
# THE UNKNOWN

Expressing the Attitude of the Average Politician Toward





THE UNKNOWN.  
A Politician Toward the Woman Suffrage Movement.



# PARLIAMENTARY LAW.

CHAIRMAN.—Order! Ladies, order!! Half, at least, must do the listening!

# THE SWINDLE STORY.

**I**'VE sampled them 'all from the worst to the best—  
The tale of New York and the tale of the West,  
The slow, sleepy tale and the tale with a zest—  
And the one I dislike with the deepest cordiality  
Is the tale of successful rascality.

A popular tale is this tale of the crook,  
So clever that no one can bring him to book,  
Whose capital stock is his prosperous look—  
A plausible person in sober reality,  
With a fund of amusing rascality.



He never allows his great talent to rust,  
But robs, right and left, from the just and unjust.  
He does it wholesale, quite like a big Trust.  
An excellent teacher of shrewd criminality  
Is the tale of successful rascality.

Ye writers who languish in dark-  
ness and debt,  
Whose stories come back with a  
slip of regret,  
Whose brilliant productions have  
not taken yet—  
Ere ye give up the struggle with  
hopeless finality,  
Try the tale of successful rascality.

Or, what is still better, put on a silk hat  
And swindle the people of Muddybrook Flat.  
Some story will tell you just how to do that,  
And if you proceed with a show of legality,  
All will laud your successful rascality!

Walter G. Doty.

# SCOOPED.

VISITOR.—You think your paper is far superior  
to that of your rival?

COUNTRY EDITOR.—We are away ahead of  
them. Our boiler-plate last week was "Peary  
Ought to Discover the Pole this Year," and the  
best they could do was "Dewey's Home-Come-  
ing to Be a Big Success."

# TURN ABOUT.

HOKUS.—Toothache, eh? I'd have the blamed  
thing pulled if it were mine.

POKUS.—So would I, if it were yours.

# A BOOK OF VERSES.

**O**h, happy man! who could—as did one happy man in June—upon  
the same day marry a beautiful and accomplished young woman,  
and have a volume of poems published in London. And who but  
would have the same felicitous thought—as did this fortunate being—to  
present the bride, as a wedding token, with the first copy of the book that came  
from the press? Men have been married before. Poets have had volumes  
issued before—mostly, of course, at the author's  
expense. But when has poet been crowned  
with both these glories at once? Never before.

And yet—and yet. Pshaw! why  
should we be pestered by such doggish  
thoughts? And yet—and yet. Suppose.  
Suppose the poems are punk. Poems  
have been punk before now—punk  
and published. Suppose the lines don't  
scan—and suppose the bride does?  
Suppose she reads the volume? Stranger  
things have happened than the reading  
of a presentation volume of poems.  
And suppose the poet sometime wants to  
know what she thinks of his little  
efforts? And suppose she replies, in a  
light and airy vein: "They sound to  
me like great effort, dear." Or suppose  
she is franker, and replies: "Rinaldo, prithee write poetry no more!"



Grim suppositions. In order to insure domestic harmony, a husband  
who is a poet must be more of a husband than a poet. He must also be  
possessed of a sense of humor, which few husbands and fewer poets have.  
Art is a jealous mistress; so is woman; and in a combat between these  
two Art always goes to the mat. And he is a bold man who intro-  
duces Art to his spouse upon her wedding-day.

Poets have not made notably good consorts. Puritan John, the author  
of "Paradise Lost," spent most of his honeymoon inditing an appeal to Parlia-  
ment for a broader interpretation of the Divorce Law. There was Byron.  
Say no more! There was Shelley. Hush! There was Poe. Even the  
most bitter of his critics would not deny that he loved his wife; and even  
the most friendly would not deny that domestic life with Edgar was like  
living in a church belfry after some one had stolen the ladder. . . . Yet  
there are brave poets alive who will try again. Luck go with this one!

**C**HOLLY.—There's always something to laugh about when I tell a  
joke.

**SHE.**—Yes, and you're always so nice about it. You never get mad.



# THE SON WORSHIPERS.

**T**here are few feelings of satisfaction which equal the consciousness of getting  
more than your money's worth.



A PURITAN RETROSPECTION.

BEING A FURTHER VERACIOUS EXCERPT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A. SMOLLETT, PILGRIM FATHER AND CYNIC.



NOW AM I, Adoniram Smollett, moved to take up my faithful goose-quille, to here sette down in a heavy hande y<sup>e</sup> fact that I have no patience with y<sup>e</sup> regrets that are so frequently expressed over y<sup>e</sup> departure of y<sup>e</sup> goode olde times.

It is true that y<sup>e</sup> Colony and y<sup>e</sup> country in general are going to y<sup>e</sup> devil, but that is always y<sup>e</sup> case, and I wot it always will be. But no more so now than in y<sup>e</sup> past, and no less in y<sup>e</sup> present than it will be in y<sup>e</sup> future. I heartily agree with y<sup>e</sup> most savage kycker that everything has gone to y<sup>e</sup> dogges, and, furthermore, I care not a whit that it hath; but, while it is so in all ages, I take note that y<sup>e</sup> dogges are ever sufficiently swift of foote to outrunne it.

I wot that a hundred years, or mayhap more, from now, there will arise plenty of them who will mourn and lament over y<sup>e</sup> decadence of what will at that future time be y<sup>e</sup> present, and hark back with sighs of regret to y<sup>e</sup> goode olde times of y<sup>e</sup> past which is y<sup>e</sup> present of to-day. Life was less strenuous in those days, they will assert, and menne more true and women more virtuous, just as we now say of y<sup>e</sup> life and y<sup>e</sup> people of y<sup>e</sup> past. Whereabout I would fain here write down an emphatic "Pish! Tush!" For y<sup>e</sup> information of y<sup>e</sup> anxious inquirer who may come after, I assert that y<sup>e</sup> hypocrites hyp

just as industriously per capita to-day as they will at any time in y<sup>e</sup> future; and, while this is a delicate subject, I voice y<sup>e</sup> conviction that y<sup>e</sup> women of y<sup>e</sup> present are like those of y<sup>e</sup> past have been and those of y<sup>e</sup> by-and-by will be found, no more virtuous than they ought to be.

Y<sup>e</sup> Pessimist of y<sup>e</sup> future will doubtless maintain that we of to-day were content in our Jeffersonian simplicity, but while it is true that y<sup>e</sup> Trusts have not yet been invented and y<sup>e</sup> Monopolist hath not greatly afflicted us, y<sup>e</sup> deacon of y<sup>e</sup> present can skinne Satan himself in a horse-trade and y<sup>e</sup> elder doth hold y<sup>e</sup> nose of his debtor on y<sup>e</sup> grindstone to y<sup>e</sup> utmost extent of y<sup>e</sup> said nose. Y<sup>e</sup> cost of living is higher than a catte's back, but it always was and always will be. At all times it taketh all a manne can rake and scrape to keep his backe covered and his bellie filled, together with y<sup>e</sup> backes and bellies of them that do cluster around his board, and opinions have ever differed and ever will as to whether it is worth it or not. Y<sup>e</sup> stronge oppress y<sup>e</sup> weake, as is always y<sup>e</sup> case; and y<sup>e</sup> bore ever boreth.

Y<sup>e</sup> Prohibitionist of every age denieth, denied, and will deny, consolation to his fellow-menne, that he may have y<sup>e</sup> more of y<sup>e</sup> vile stuffe for to guzzle in secret. Helle always was, is, and will be, not for me, but for y<sup>e</sup> other fellow. It is never a new thing for y<sup>e</sup> portly, hawk-billed dame to henne-pecke her meagre, well-intending husband. From Alpha to Omega y<sup>e</sup> olde maide is in hot pursuit of y<sup>e</sup> bachelor, wherefore y<sup>e</sup> bachelor was, still is, and, I wot, ever will be, on y<sup>e</sup> deade runne. However much money a manne hath it is never enough.



ALL IN ONE RACE.

ISAACS.—Oh, sure; it vos der race-tracks made Cohen vearthly. His rich Uncle Goldgrabber dropped dead after vinning a two-dollar bet.

With y<sup>e</sup> advancement of civilization manne's knowledge of how to dodge trouble groweth, but y<sup>e</sup> troubles that infest him do increase apace, so that at all times it is but a stand-off betwixt manne and his troubles.

A. SMOLLETT, His Hande & Penne.

Tom F. Morgan.

SOCIETY.

MRS. HIGHUPP.—We can't let her into the club. She has no pedigree.

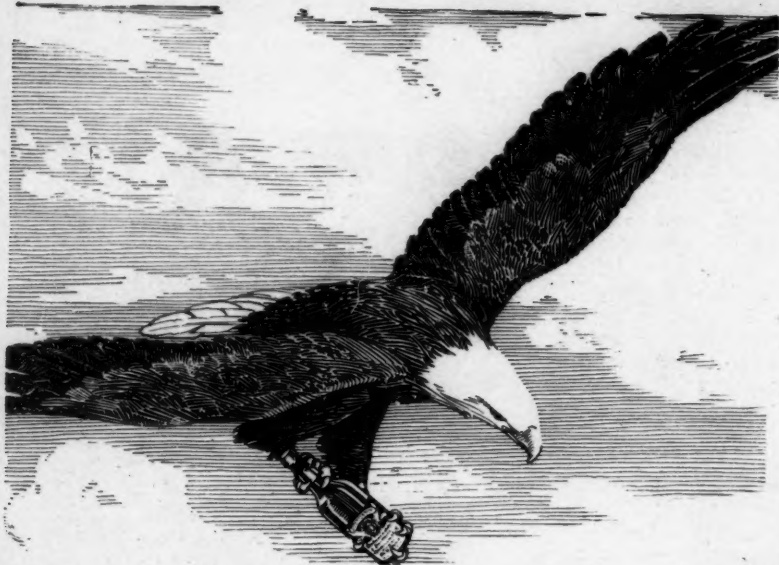
MRS. BLASÉ.—I know, dear; but her dog has.



THE WORST END OF IT.

LITERARY HACK.—Gee, but it's hard to write verses for winter on a hot summer day!

HIS WIFE.—Huh! You ought to try making preserves for winter on a hot summer day!



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## THE ORIGINAL SELF-MADE MAN.

Doctor Mary Walker, who wears trousers and a thoroughly masculine costume, including the coat and the derby hat, had just concluded before the Senate committee on pensions a few remarks regarding a bill in which she was interested.

As she went out of the committee room, Senator "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, slid far down in his chair and remarked:

"There goes the only self-made man in history."—*Popular Magazine.*

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## UNDER SUSPICION.

"Your prejudice against Mr. Young-rake is entirely unreasonable, pa," protested the wilful young heiress. "There's a great deal in that young man."

"Yes," replied her shrewd old father, "and sometimes I'm afraid it's a great deal of the stuff I smelled on his breath the other day." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*



BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY

## THE OVER-PAID CABBY.



MRS. McTAGGART.—Hoots! Dinna fash yersel', McTaggart! 'T was a bad shillin' I gave him!

THE McTAGGART.—A bad shillin'! Ma conscience—sic—extravagence! Wuman, had ye no a bad saxpence?—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

MISSIONARY.—Why do you look at me so intently, my brother?  
CANNIBAL.—I am the food inspector.—*Buffalo Commercial.*



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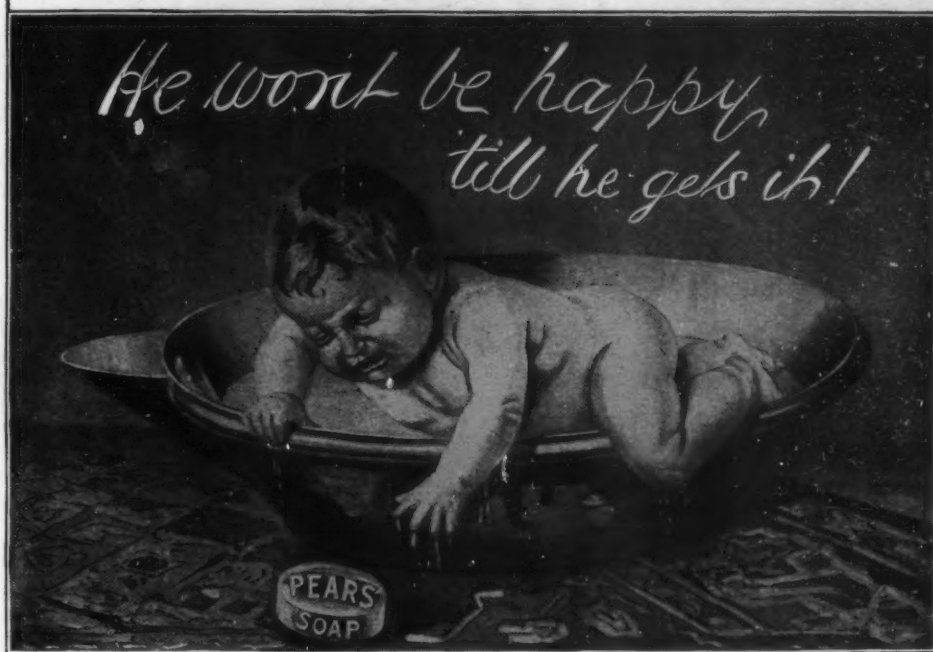
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HER EDUCATION.  
MRS. DASHAWAY.  
How long had you known your husband before you were married?  
MRS. GNAGGS. — I did n't know him at all. I only thought I did. — *Phila. Record.*

EXPLAINED.  
"How is it I never hear you say a word about your old college days?"  
"The college I went to did n't have a very good baseball team." — *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"AND you did n't know that it was loaded?"  
"No, judge, I swear I did n't."  
"But before pointing it at the deceased, why did you not look into the barrel to see whether or not it was loaded?"  
"Why, judge, that would have been a fool thing to do! It might have exploded and killed me." — *Houston Post.*

## Who will be the next President ?



"All rights secured"

"NOT LOST——"



"Oi can't foind the pond, Jarge, to water the 'osses."—*The Tatler.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### A SUGGESTION.

One of the hundred or more poems about the *Titanic* disaster, received by *The Star*, voices the refrain that there are "no icebergs in Heaven."  
It may be suggested that there are no icebergs in the Other Place, either. — *Kansas City Star.*

"MISS BOLDE," said the shy student to the fair co-ed. on the other side of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss, what would you say?"  
"I'd say you're the laziest man I ever met." — *Minne-Ha-Ha.*

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Brewed by MILLER, Milwaukee

TOM.—That Miss Biggle is the poorest conversationalist I ever met.  
HIS HOSTESS.—Is that so?  
TOM.—Yes. The only thing she said to me the whole evening was "No," and I had to propose to her to get her to say that.—*Boston Transcript.*

#### MODERN RAILROADING.

Martin Clardy of St. Louis, general solicitor for the Union Pacific and Iron Mountain Railways, is a lawyer who sometimes objects to being interviewed, and when reporters are too insistent Mr. Clardy has a stock story which he tells to shut off the interview. Says Mr. Clardy:

"An irate shipper once entered the general offices of a railway company.

"Where's the general superintendent?" he demanded.

"Out on the road," was the reply of the clerk.

"Where's his assistant?" This very angrily.

"Gone to the ball game!" snapped the clerk.

"Then where's the vice-president and general traffic-manager?" exploded the shipper.

"Gone north for the summer," was the still indifferent reply.

"Well, then," the angry caller fairly howled, "who in thunder is running this railway anyway?"

"Oh, if that's what you want to know," replied the clerk, as he reached for another typewritten report, "it's being attended to by our kind friends on the newspapers." —*Kansas City Journal.*

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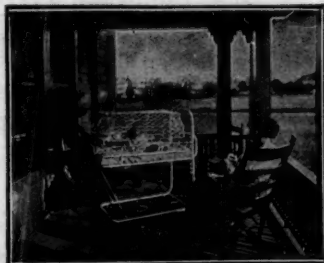


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#### FAREWELL ONLY.

Said one man on the street, speaking to a friend: "Well, money talks."

"Maybe it does," answered the other, "but all it ever said to me was 'Good-by.'" — *Baltimore American.*

HE. — They say pearls are a disease of the oyster.

SHE. — Incurable, I hope. — *Fliegende Blätter.*

#### A DIFFERENT CODE.

The tenor sang an aria.

"Rotten!" bawled a spectator. "Take him out!"

"I'll take you out," said the usher, "if you keep insulting the singers."

"Excuse me," said the man. "I forgot I was at an opera, not at a ball game." — *Wash. Herald.*

#### CAUGHT.

WIFE. — Did you post that letter I gave you?

HUSBY. — Yes, dear. I carried it in my hand so I could not forget it, and I dropped it in the first mail-box. I remember, because—

WIFE. — There, dear, that will do. I didn't give you any letter to post. — *Topeka Capital.*

#### OBVIOUS.

BESSIE. — Wonder if Maude knows that we are looking at her new gown?

JESSIE. — Certainly. What do you suppose she is walking down this street for? — *Philadelphia Telegraph.*

## FOR MEN OF BRAINS

### Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

ONE notes that woman-suffrage is No. 23 on the Ohio ballot. — *Plain Dealer.*

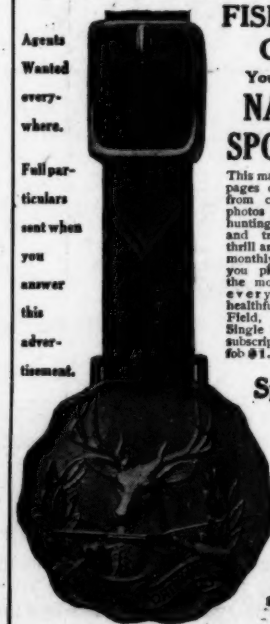
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### A GREAT DIFFERENCE.



I.  
RIDER WITH HORSE, AND—

### A LASTING LESSON.

A NORTH CAROLINA negro was brought out on the gallows to be hung for murder.

"Henry," said the sheriff, "have you anything to say?"

"Yas, sah," said the condemned man. "I've got a few words to say. I merely wishes to state dat dis sutlin' is goin' to be a lesson to me!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

### TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

"I did not have a very nice time when I first went to Annabel's," little Madge announced on her return home. "Annabel was cross as could be; she would n't let me play with her doll or touch one of her playthings."

"Well," replied her mother, "when I was your age, had I gone to see a little friend and she would not let me touch her playthings, I should have gone straight home."

"But times have changed since you were a little girl, mother," Madge replied after due reflection. "I slapped her face and stayed."—*Kansas City Star*.

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"GREAT sale, eh?" commented the advance-agent. "Been a line in the lobby for several hours."

"Same six people, though," explained the man in the box-office. "Same people you saw an hour ago. The line is being held up by a lady who is thinking of buying a seat."—*Washington Herald*.

"WHY do you insist on keeping that man as a member of your bridge club? He plays a wretched game."

"That's the point. Each of us is always hoping that he can be rung in as the other fellow's partner."—*Washington Star*.

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II.  
HORSE WITH RIDER.

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

JOHN.—Say, bo, did you hear they've got a "white hope" down in the burg who will box Jack Johnson any time?

SON.—Quit your kidding.

JOHN.—Straight goods. He's the undertaker.—*The Coyote*.

### SERIOUS INTERVIEW.

The bookkeeper came out looking mysterious and called for the office-boy.

"What are you doing?"

"Nuthin'."

"The boss wants to see you right away. I guess it's the grand bounce for yours."

"Nix!" declared the office-boy. "I know what he wants."

"What does he want?"

"He wants to know what new players have been signed."—*Courier-Journal*.



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### HIS PLATFORM.

KNICKER.—What is Roosevelt's platform?  
BOCKER.—The decalogue and the monologue.  
—*The Sun*.



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